

WOMAN'S STATE MAKING UP THE RECORD OF YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Baroness Blanc Left Mary Kellard, of Barbara Aub Fame, in Distress.

WERE AT THE BARTHOLDI.

Had Registered as "Mrs. Nicholson and Miss Kellogg," but the Baroness Wouldn't Pay.

Mary Kellard, who ruined millionaire William G. Wood and lavished much money on homes for unfortunate women and who played mother confessor to Barbara Aub and saved Walter Langer from the penitentiary after he had converted, recently came back to New York for a brief spell, left behind her a story of her present destitution and a tale of woe, ending the police and law, and leaving an unsolved riddle for the Grand Jury.

She came here from Philadelphia with a friend of hers than has heretofore been known. The two women registered at the Hotel Bartholdi as Mrs. Nicholson and Miss Kellogg on June 27, and while the baroness found time to nod approvingly at the assortment of young men who called upon her "Miss Kellogg," or rather Mary Kellard, kept apart and to herself.

On June 30 the baroness went off yesterday, and a few days later telephoned from Manhattan Beach to the Bartholdi, where she is well known, that she would not be able to pay any bills incurred by Mary Kellard. The managers of the hotel informed "Miss Kellogg" of this notification, and on July 10 she left the hotel.

Where she went no one knows, not even the police, who had their known of her presence, would have served the indictment, the outcome of a suit filed by W. A. Fiskill, who sold her a harem for \$450, which she in turn sold to one John Boyd for \$50, none of which ever got into Fiskill's hands. That occurred in December, but Mr. Kellard, who had wind of the approaching storm, left New York in November. Since that time she has been wanted, and yet, notwithstanding her presence in one of the prominent hotels of this city,

Mrs. Nicholson Philadelphia Pa
Miss Kellogg

How Baroness Blanc and Mary Kellard Registered.

she managed to stay a couple of weeks and a half out again.

The reason, according to the management of the Hotel Bartholdi, that she was permitted to remain for a single day after the discovery of the existence of the imposture, and that she was then allowed to depart quietly and without trouble, was that her Van Dyke, of No. 90 Nassau street, called on the hotel and said he was her father and that if she did not pay up in full by the 8th of July he would assume a debt. He was informed that she could not pay the bill, and he left his card, and he did not keep her word, however, and on the 10th was requested to depart.

"I suppose Van Dyke was all right," said George L. Smith, clerk of the hotel, "as he had come here at her request. He told me emphatically that he would settle the bill. Since then, however, he has utterly ignored her, and I am sure that he is not the man responsible, as his offer to pay was made in the presence of witnesses. I understand he denies that he went security for her, but I say clearly that he did."

Mr. Van Dyke, when seen at his residence, No. 204 West One Hundred and Fifth street, three considerable men light on the hotel's existence of Miss Kellard. He was at first reluctant to talk of her at all, on the ground that he was a friend of hers in a small way, and that he had had business with her in years gone by.

"Her appearance here was as unexpected to me as to any one else," said he, "and I told the great to the hotel because she had settled me that she was in trouble financially, and had not a single grip or a nor any clothing at all, and told me she was in a small way, and that he had advised her to go to a friend whom she had been to before and ask for assistance. I do not care to disclose his name. Neither do I know whether or not she went. I have not seen her since."

"As far as I can make it out, I think the baroness ought to pay that bill. She met Miss Kellard about seven years ago at Long Branch, and as Miss Kellard had money, it is easy to see what occurred. As a matter of fact, the baroness lived like the Queen of Sheba, and helped Miss Kellard spend the money. I think the baroness would be paying a good part of the bill at the Bartholdi. Miss Kellard has had a long run of misfortune and an eventful life."

"I did not offer to settle her bill at the Bartholdi. I went there and had a talk with the clerk, but did not offer to balance her account, neither did I go security for her."

ago, July 15—the baroness Blanc is an engagement at the Minko Tane of Theatre. She said tonight, "I met Kellard in 1889, eight years ago, at Brauch. I was there with my husband. She always seemed to me a woman with a great deal of money, and I was generally well acquainted with her. I did not see her again until just the time I appeared at the Olympia, New York, a few weeks ago."

One day I received a note from her saying that she was without funds, with a child and without a home. She asked me to do something to help her. I am sorry for her, and engaged her as my maid. Before she had been with me a week I told me the story of her alleged connection with Woods and Aub cases and asked me to discharge her. The reports of her alleged connection with the Aub case and her alleged acquaintance at Long Branch and during the time she acted as my maid, Mrs. Kellard, have been in the most ladylike manner."

CRISS CROSS MATRIMONY.

Brother and Sister Marry Sister and Brother at the Same Time.

HELMUTH-LORESCHE.—On Sunday, July 11, at Cafe Loggell, Miss Sophia Loreche, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Loreche, to Mr. John Helmuth, both of New York.

LORESCHE-HELMUTH.—On Sunday, July 11, at Cafe Loggell, Miss Bertha Helmuth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Helmuth, to Mr. Joseph Loreche, both of New York.

The above notices tell in brief a pleasing romance in which four hearts were made to beat as two. Each of the brides is sister of the other's husband, and both are belles in the Hebrew social circles in which the Loreche and Helmuth families are prominent.

The couples became engaged at about the same time last spring and each held a big wedding. The Loreche family home is at 65 East Ninetieth street.

YOUNG GIRL CRAZED BY FISHKILL FLOOD.

Grieved So Over the Death of John Zinka That She Became a Maniac and Finally Died.

When the unsafe dam on the mountain heights above the lumbering villages of Mattawan and Fishkill unleashed its million gallons of water and swept away the little settlement of Timonville last week one of the victims was John Zinka, a thrifty Swede, who lived there with his young wife. The closest friend of the Zinka family

was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked Saleen Lawson, who was a maid in the Pensmore Hotel, at Staatsburgh, a little village about twenty-five miles above the scene of the flood. Last night, stretched out on the wooden slab in the corner's office in Fishkill, was the body of the young woman who died because she grieved so much over the loss of her friend, and the terrible calamity which had befallen his young wife.

When the local train halted out of the Poughkeepsie station Saturday morning, Conductor Beta noticed a pale and looking Swedish girl sitting in the rear coach. Tears trickled from her eyes, and she appeared perfectly unconscious of her surroundings. Once the conductor spoke to her, but she didn't answer, and seemed staring into oblivion. Just as the train neared Fishkill, and the brakeman opened the door to announce the want of the station, the strangely acting passenger arose, and as she did so let a piercing scream that penetrated the whole length of the train. Her sobs and shrieks were so loud that a wild dash for the door. The startled brakeman caught the crazed woman and called for assistance. When the train was stopped the girl was taken to the depot, and an ambulance was summoned. She was removed to the general hospital.

All Saturday night she raved about the death of Zinka, but none of the attendants knew the story of the crazed patient. Her sobs and shrieks were so loud that a sudden shock of some kind, and she predicted that she lost some friend in the flood. Late yesterday morning she regained consciousness from the time she left the train.

LEFT BABE, CHASED THIEF.

Mrs. Jangulid's Purse Was Stolen and She Gave Her Offspring to a Stranger's Care.

The baby carriage was full of baby and spinach.

That is, the baby, a beautiful little girl of twenty-five months, with brown eyes and curly chestnut brown locks, occupied all of the domestic vehicle not in use for marketing purposes, was not given so much to the baby and the perambulator as it was to the shrieks of a frenzied woman on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and Eighty-fourth avenue at 12:15 o'clock yesterday morning. She was the mother of the baby.

"Oh, mercy!" she shrieked, "I've been robbed me of \$35!" A crowd of sympathetic men and women surrounded the excited mother, who could not be quieted. Suddenly she broke through the crowd and, pushing the baby carriage in front of her, started on a run east on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

When she reached the Harlem Opera House she stopped quickly and, pushing the handles of the buggy into the hands of a young man standing in front of an office in the same building, screamed:

"Watch my baby. I'll catch the robber who stole my \$35."

After her husband had left the house last Wednesday evening she robbed herself entirely in white, threw a water-proof cover over these garments and then repaired to a spot where she would have the rendezvous in view. Before starting on her ghostly mission she also supplied herself with a quantity of phosphorus, with which to bewilder her hands and face.

Flinding that her best point of view would be Anderson's lumber yard, which is diagonally across from the hotel and extends to the river, she hid herself in the shadows. Late that night she suddenly appeared, and the sight of her almost drove Motorman Joseph Speckler, Conductor Michael Devlin and the two passengers on their trolley car frantic with fear. The car was the last eastbound one for the night, and the attention of the conductor and motorman was drawn to the ghostly figure by the cry of a Mrs. Petry, of Rutherford, who was a passenger. William Farrell, the other passenger, who also lives in Rutherford, looked in the direction indicated by Mrs. Petry, and all saw the figure.

The motorman, who did not care to have anything to do with the specter, sent the car speeding from the scene as fast as possible. The figure was seen to go toward the river and disappeared. Of course the story was circulated next day.

"If that ghost monkey around tonight," said Motorman Elmer Ackerman, of Madison avenue, Parkview, who was to have the last trip on Saturday night with Conductor Charles Patterson as a companion, "I'm going to settle its affairs so that it won't have to keep its hours and can rest in peace hereafter."

Ackerman had reason to speak bravely. He had procured a seven-shooter. As his car approached the bend and the ghost became visible, he suddenly stopped the car and started after it. It disappeared behind a pile of lumber.

Ackerman, giving chase, revolver in hand, stumbled over the white wrapper of a woman. The garment had caught on a piece of plank and tipped off. Ackerman scrambled to his feet and renewed the chase.

The result was that he succeeded in capturing the ghost and, learning the story of jealousy about outlined. He sympathized with the woman and when she asked him to keep her identity a secret he promised to do so.

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The poem, according to the firm belief of Mrs. Kohler's friends, was of her suggestion, and the first line was from her lips. She was early in the century a close friend of Moore's sister, who kept a private school in London. While walking in the garden of the school with the poet one day Mrs. Kohler, so the story runs, plucked a rose, remarking:

"Tis the last rose of Summer; why not write about it, Mr. Moore?"

The incident suggested the thought that was afterwards so beautifully woven into verse, and the poem was dedicated by the poet to "Amelia," which is Mrs. Kohler's first name. Mrs. Kohler's life was of interest in more ways than this, however. She was ninety-two when she died, and for twenty years had lived with her daughter, Mrs. F. N. Saunders, who lives with her husband in Mount Vernon. Her maiden name was Amelia Offergeld, and her father was an officer under General Blicher. The family home was in Aix-la-Chapelle. Mrs. Kohler frequently spoke of having seen Napoleon in her girlhood.

When quite young she married Charles Kohler, a London merchant. She was at Queen Victoria's wedding, and one of her treasures was a piece of cake, protected by a glass case, which she said was part of the Queen's wedding cake. At a celebration of the anniversary of the Queen's marriage the cake was exhibited, and Mrs. Kohler received a note in recognition from Victoria.

After her husband's death Mrs. Kohler came to America to live with her daughter, whose husband is now a retired business man. The family lived quietly in Mount Vernon, and but a few friends knew of Mrs. Kohler's history.

FOUGHT HARD TO DIE.

Woman Commits Suicide in the Harlem River and Battles Would-Be Rescuer.

Maria Hochstetter, a Swedish woman, twenty-two years old, of No. 1882 Park avenue, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by jumping into the Harlem River at the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street slip, on the south side of the river. This was at 5:30 o'clock.

Half an hour before the woman had been seen in company with her cousin, Victor Danneberg, of Hoboken, N. J., at the corner of Madison avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. They were quarrelling. She left him abruptly and almost ran to the foot of One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street. Danneberg paid no attention to her. The woman muttered to herself as she hurried along Madison avenue, and, stopping a moment at the pier, fumbled about in her pocket and drew forth her purse, which she threw on the dock, and then she jumped into the river.

The steamer "Vernon" is lying at the pier, and Joseph Hobart, a colored deckhand, heard the splash as the woman struck the water. He jumped in to rescue her, but she fought with him, and he had to push her away and she sank. He dove repeatedly for ten minutes, and finally brought the woman's body to the surface, being nearly exhausted himself. The struggle between the suicide and Hobart was watched by a large crowd, and when Hobart finally landed the body he was cheered loudly. The woman's pocketbook contained \$38.04.

ing Boston heiress, Grace Stevenson, has not yet been solved. She is still in the insane pavilion. No one has been permitted to see her since last Friday, when a young woman claiming to be a cousin of Grace Stevenson had a talk with the patient. The visitor asked the young girl many questions and got her to open her mouth for an examination of her teeth, which were found to be sound, whereas Grace Stevenson is said to have several artificial ones. The patient told her questioner that her name was Grace Stevenson and that she lived on Beacon street, Boston, but when the visitor asked what was the maiden name of her mother she became hysterical. It was then that Dr. Robertson, who is in charge of the insane pavilion, brought the interview to an abrupt end. He also gave strict orders that no one else should be permitted to see the girl.

Accordingly when E. M. Thayer, the Boston furniture man, who is a guest at the Grand Union Hotel, where the girl is also said to have stopped, called at Bellevue Hospital on Saturday he was not allowed to see her. He, however, declared that he was convinced that she was Edith L. Hooper, with whom he was well acquainted. This is the name the girl gave when she originally entered the hospital. It was this name she continued to give until she learned in some way of the story of Grace Stevenson's disappearance. Then she began to say she was Grace Stevenson and has since persisted in that assertion.

The girl was hysterical all of Friday night and throughout Saturday until after evening when she quieted down and passed a comparatively peaceful night. She is still confined to her bed.

She spends most of the time gazing out of the window nearest to her bedside. She seems to be expecting the coming of some one. She does not, as a rule, speak unless some question is addressed to her, and she does not express a desire to see any relative. When asked her name she now almost invariably answers "Grace." It is the one she first gave, Edith L. Hooper, that she replies, "Grace Stevenson."

"It is my opinion," said Superintendent Murphy yesterday, "that the girl's right name is the one she first gave, Edith L. Hooper. I don't believe she is Grace Stevenson. She calls herself that simply because she has heard some one talk about the missing Boston girl. And yet she seems to resemble Miss Stevenson somewhat, if I can judge from the newspaper pictures, the only ones I have so far seen of the missing Boston girl."

The "some one" who, the girl's woman visitor of Friday said, could positively identify her, has not yet visited the hospital.

Made Mad by a Sunstroke.

Catherine Farley, twenty-one years of age, of No. 234 West Sixty-sixth street, was taken to Bellevue Hospital last night when she was found lying on a sidewalk, with whom she lives, to have suffered a sunstroke a month ago. She did not become violent until yesterday. Then she was seized with a sudden fit, got up from a chair and began to walk up and down the door tearing her hair and screaming.

Bellevue's Mysterious Patient, Who Resembles the Lost Heiress.

The youngest of these "insane," as Sergeant Speckler terms the girls, is Alice Jeffrey. She is twelve years old and when not at the island lives with her parents at No. 234 Palmside street, Brooklyn. She was arrested for the third time yesterday for leaving home and trying to secure a position in a Bowery concert hall.

"If that girl is brought here again," said the sergeant to the mother when she had been found and placed in her custody, "I will take charge of her myself. She has either got to keep away from these concert halls or go to a sane institution."

Sooner than Mrs. Jeffrey and her recent daughter had departed yesterday, the station house had assumed an air of quiet. A Mr. Milch, who lives in Brownsville, attended to inquire after his daughter, Sarah, sixteen years old. Sarah is impressed with the belief that her father is one for rights and that her voice should be heard in opera. A week ago she went to the island without the knowledge of her parents.

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